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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, MARCH 13, 1902. NUMBER 2

IN PREPARATION—ADVICE TO GIRLS

AN EASTER SOUVENIR

FROM JOHN RUSKIN

Consisting of reprints from Fors Clavigera, numbers V, XXXIV, XXXVIII, XLII, XLVI, LXV and LXVI, with Jenkin Lloyd Jones' Lenten Sermon to Girls, published in this week's UNITY, as an appendix, in an Easter cover designed by Mrs. Bertha Jaques, on which there will be a half tone reproduction of "Little Nell," from Frank E. Elwell's group of "Dickens and Little Nell" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

With the next issue, March 6th, UNITY enters upon its twenty-fifth year. During the year it proposes to publish a series of short articles by the leading educators of the country under the general head:

The Problems of the School—The Hope of the State.

Below we give a partial list of the topics and of the writers so far heard from. The correspondence still pending renders it impractical to publish a further list at the present time. New names and new topics will be added from time to time. The co-operation of the friends of education is cordially solicited. Suggestions will be gratefully received. We shall aim to make UNITY more than ever a worthy adjunct of the school room, a friend and companion of the school teacher.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University:
The Relation of Science to Ethics

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, President of the Tuskegee Industrial School:
The Relation of Hand to Brain in Education

S. A. FORBES, Professor of the Illinois State University, Champaign:
How to Make the Farm Attractive to the Educated

ORVILLE T. BRIGHT, Superintendent of Public Schools, Cook County, Illinois:
The School House as a Social Center

GEORGE E. VINCENT, Professor of the University of Chicago:
Civic Loyalty

JOHN DEWEY, Professor of the University of Chicago:
Education by Cancellation, or, Things the Child Need Not Know.

W. M. R. FRENCH, Director of the Art Institute, Chicago:
Art as a Public Asset

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, LL. D., President of the Nebraska State University, Lincoln:
The Public School—Not for Poor Children but for All Children

W. H. CARRUTH, Professor of the Kansas State University, Lawrence:
How Much Religion Can be Taught in the Public Schools Without Trespassing Upon the Rights of Any Taxpayer?

JOHN PHILLIPS, Superintendent of Public Schools, Birmingham, Alabama:
Ethics in Primary Education

L. A. SHERMAN, Professor of English Literature, University of Nebraska:
Literature as an Element of Primary Education

J. B. JOHNSON, Dean of the Engineering Department in the University of Wisconsin:
The Lathe and the Book; How to Reconcile Technical Training to General Culture

C. H. TOY, Professor in Harvard University:
How Far Can We Make the Religion and Morals of the Elder World Contribute to the Education of the Children in Our Public Schools?

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1902. NUMBER 2

March 13, 1841. How alone must our life be lived. We dwell on the seashore, and none between us and the sea. Men are my merry companions, my fellow-pilgrims, who beguile the way, but leave me at the first turn in the road, for none are traveling one road so far as myself. Each one marches in the van. The weakest child is exposed to the fates henceforth as barely as its parents. Parents and relatives but entertain the youth. They cannot stand between him and his destiny. This is the one bare side of every man. There is no fence. It is clear before him to the bounds of space.

What is fame to a living man? If he live aright the sound of no man's voice will resound through the aisles of his secluded life. His life is a hallowed silence, a pool. The loudest sounds have to thank my little ear that they are heard.

—Thoreau—Spring.

It is to be hoped that no one told Prince Henry that the great city of Chicago, proud of its wealth and its energy, is about to abandon one important branch of its school system completely for the lack of the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars. It is hard to justify this action toward the kindergarten without proof that every possible resource of public economy and private generosity has been exhausted.

We are reminded of the efficacy of a protest in the case of the petition sent by the ladies of New York to the Secretary of the Treasury objecting to the methods of inspection and enforcement of customs regulations at the port of New York. Secretary Shaw in reply sent to the various petitioners a number of questions cunningly drawn, yet evidence that the department is desirous of bettering the conditions by securing accurate data and suggestions. There can be no doubt of the adequate foundation for the protest in the numberless cases of gross discourtesy and insult that have marred the conduct of the customs officials. While the suggestions of victims may well be valuable in any betterment of the situation, yet the officials who are responsible for the actions of their deputies might well consider themselves as charged at least with the duty of compelling their subordinates to exercise common courtesy in the discharge of their functions.

We may well be gratified that we have a president whose statements are already recognized as law by the office-seekers of the party, whose sound ideals will secure full compensation in service from federal office-holders. Thus will there be at least one class in Illinois who will not be perniciously active at election times to the detriment of the public service. We may furthermore well be gratified that Mr. Lorimer has not yet secured control of this position to strengthen his power in the face of the fight that the decent element of the republican party is about to begin. Mr. Lorimer and his supporters and friends are all desirous of "continuing in active political life in Illinois," and it is doubtful if there is one of them qualified to hold the office under the limitations laid down by the president. Their idea is to get the office, receive the salary and then pay strict attention to "business," which by their standards mean "politics."

The withdrawal of Major Dan Hogan as a candidate for the position of collector of internal revenue for the southern district of Illinois is gratifying to the people of this state. Mr. Hogan is quoted as stating that he desired to continue in active political life in Illinois. President Roosevelt is quoted as stating that federal office-holders shall not indulge in factional political struggles to the detriment of their official duties. The public might be quoted as stating that Mr. Hogan is the acknowledged ally of Mr. Lorimer. The sources of our gratification are many. If Mr. Hogan's perception is so delicate that he appreciated that he would feel embarrassed in holding a federal office and then using it as a general all around political lever we are gratified at his crystalline conscience. None but an evil-minded person would suggest that Mr. Hogan's conscience, if sincere, might have begun to work before he had lost all his breath chasing the office.

The statement made by Civil Service Commissioner Foulke as to the limitations that can be placed upon civil service employes is broad-minded and sound. He says in a recent letter: "I have in years past always given a modest contribution for political purposes, and I shall not cease to do so in the future because I hold office. "As to campaign contributions, it seems to me that the purpose of the law is to see that they are really voluntary and not actually or impliedly coerced; and as to political action and activity, it seems to me the purpose of the law is that a man should be free to do what he likes, in office as well as out of it, with the limitation that it must not interfere with his official duties." Such an interpretation of the spirit of the merit system appeals to the common sense of the office-holder and the community, avoids the antagonism that a more stringent regulation would arouse and strengthens the foothold of the system in government service.

The first report of the Labor Museums at Hull House which is reprinted in this issue will be of interest to all. It may be added that since the issuance of the report the expectations of Miss Addams as to the present year's progress have been amply fulfilled.

The museum is now installed in enlarged quarters in the new building on Polk street, where the different departments have separate space commensurate with their needs. While the textile department furnished practically the sole work for the first year, there are now classes in metals and grains, in wood working and pottery. The textile department has been further developed by the addition of a dye-room; while a power loom will soon be added to the equipment. A printing press recently received renders the department of printing and bookbinding complete. The work in the different departments of the museum is especially active on Saturday evenings, when visitors are always welcome. A series of lectures on industrial development given on the same night has presented the history of the industrial processes illustrated. Crowded classes and sustained interest indicate that the Labor Museum has furnished another plane where lives may be drawn to share a common joy in a common handicraft.

The baptism of fire which the city of Chicago endured during the last prolonged conflict between employers and employed in the building trades will cause Chicagoans to take an especial interest in a new scheme to avoid labor troubles as outlined in the *Nation* for February 27. The plans contemplate the establishment of a central court of settlement and appeal for employers and employes in the various building trades of New York. This court is to have "three salaried members chosen for a term of not less than three years, who will be the nucleus of a larger body of nine men, six of whom will be constantly shifting. One of the central three is to be chosen by the workmen in the various building trades, acting through a committee; the second by the employers, acting in the same fashion, and the third by these two. It is hoped and expected that men of good ability and high standing will be secured for these positions, as their work would seem attractive and their pay would be liberal." When a question arises in any trade these three members of the court are reenforced by three men representing the employers and three representing the employes in that particular trade. The court so constituted considers and regulates each year the terms of employment for each trade and is in constant session, furthermore, to consider and adjust the grievances of either party to labor controversies. While the plan relies for its enforcement upon moral influence alone, yet it is believed that that influence, strengthened by a general public sentiment, will be sufficient to insure the permanency of the court, which will be undoubtedly established in New York in the near future. The most valuable features are those that make the court a permanent body, selected before any controversy has arisen to blind the judgment of the parties by the heat of passion, and the constitution of the court itself, by which it will always have the benefit of expert knowledge of the six shifting members of the court. The plan seems founded in wisdom and common sense and its very reasonableness and simplicity should insure success.

First Report of a Labor Museum at Hull House.

The Labor Museum was first suggested by the fact that in the Italian colony immediately east of Hull House are many women who in Italy spun and wove the entire stock of clothing for their families, some of the older women still using the primitive form of spindle and distaff. It was hoped that by the help of these women it might be possible to graphically illustrate the development of textile manufacture, to put into sequence and historic order the skill which the Italian colony contains, but which has become useless under their present conditions of life in America. Such a demonstration, it was believed, would not only prove educational, but might have an indirect social result. The children, and more ambitious young people of the colony, are inclined to look down upon the simpler Italians who possess this skill, partly because they consider them uncouth and un-American and partly because undue stress in the schools is laid upon the writing and speaking of English. It was hoped that giving the older people a chance to use their skill might lead to several distinct results:

(a) Industrial processes themselves would be made more picturesque and given a content and charm which is usually laid upon the more barren life of business, or solely upon recreation.

(b) The young people who earn their living in the shops and factories would have a chance to gain some idea of the material which they are constantly handling and might in time become conscious of the social connection of their work.

(c) The older people, who are habitually at such a disadvantage because they lack certain superficial qualities which are too highly prized, would have an opportunity, at least for the moment, to assert a position in the community to which their previous life and training entitles them, and would be judged with something of an historic background.

The word museum was purposely used in preference to the word school, both because the latter is distasteful to grown up people from its association with childish tasks and because the word museum still retains some fascinations of the show. It may easily be observed that the spot which attracts most people at any exhibition or fair is the one where something is being done. So trivial a thing as a girl cleaning gloves, or a man polishing metal, will almost inevitably attract a crowd, who look on with absorbed interest. It was believed that the actual carrying forward of industrial processes, and the fact that the explanation of each process, or period, was complete in itself would tend to make the teaching dramatic, and to overcome, in a measure, the disadvantages of irregular attendance. It was further believed, although perhaps it is difficult to demonstrate, that when the materials of daily life and contact remind the student of the subject of his lesson and its connections, it would hold his interest and feed his thought as abstract and unconnected study utterly fails to do. A constant effort, therefore, was made to keep the museum a labor museum in contradistinction to a commercial museum.

The museum was open every Saturday evening be-

ginning in November, 1900, with a very simple equipment gathered largely from the neighborhood itself, and with workers who lived within a few blocks of Hull House. It was planned from the first to have five departments in the museum, but only the textile department was developed to any extent during the first winter. From the very first month it was evident that a number of people were attracted to the museum who had never cared to attend the other educational advantages offered by Hull House, and also that some of the most intelligent students from the various Hull House classes and clubs cared a great deal for this new attempt at actual demonstration. During the winter numbers of school children and classes of teachers visited the museum, and on several occasions the museum itself became peripatetic, and carried its demonstrations to normal schools.

In the history of spinning, the museum was able to show four variations of the earliest method of twisting the fiber into thread. In one case an Italian woman from the interior of Southern Italy used a stick weighted by two discs which twirl the fibers together, while a Neapolitan from the coast used a stick weighted by a ring of metal, which increased the momentum, producing a higher rate of speed. A third variation was used by a Syrian woman, and consisted of a small wooden disc at the top of the stick, with which she was able to produce a thread so fine that it would have been broken by a heavier spindle. It was interesting to note that the Syrian skill was able to make good the loss of momentum, and that the speed was sustained. The same process was further illustrated by a Russian woman, who sat upon a chair with the flax held in place upon a stationary frame, thus freeing one hand and arm which would otherwise be obliged to hold the distaff. In all of these cases the spindle twirled in the air, and in three of them the thread was held in place by a small hook in the upper end. The women, two Italians, a Russian, and an Irish woman, who used the comparatively recent spinning wheel, not only did the work well, but very much enjoyed the demonstration and explanation, in which they joined. The museum was further able to trace the development of spinning from this simple stick through the large hand spinning wheel and the small Saxony wheel to a number of spindles mounted on a frame, and set in motion by the turning of one wheel for all. In connection with the spinning, demonstrations were held on the first crude processes of scouring, dyeing and carding. Wool, cotton, flax and silk were put through the various processes of preparation, and spun into thread by skilled spinners almost every Saturday evening. Little collections of flax and cotton, as well as wool and silk, were exhibited in the various stages from the raw material to the factory product, and were supplemented by some really beautiful photographs, the latter showing the early Egyptian spinning of flax with the distaff, and the cultivation of flax along the Nile. Pictures also illustrated the modern preparation of flax in Belgium with the outdoor retting in the river Lys. It was shown how far the invention of retting tanks had controlled conditions, in Belgium as well as Ireland, and the as yet insuperable difficulty of using the flax fiber from the huge flax fields of Minnesota was discussed. The museum exhibited map routes of the silk trade of merchant caravans between India and Southern Europe, emphasizing the relation of the silk-carrying trade to the discovery of America.

In weaving, the demonstration began with the earliest weaving of branches and woody fibers in making baskets and mats for the sides of huts. The method of lining baskets with clay and afterwards burning away the basket, which led to the development of pottery and its earliest decoration from the impression of the basket left upon the clay, was illustrated by an attractive little collection of pottery and baskets. The basket-weaving classes for children were held in the museum, and they reproduced a variety of baskets and mats with some intelligence as to their original uses. The museum contained a model of a Navajo loom made by the Indians themselves, as well as a Turkish loom, both of which were used by the visitors. Classes of children have reproduced the Indian looms, and, as is done in various schools, they have woven very creditable Navajo blankets. The old colonial loom, of which the museum contains two specimens, was fast in comparison with the more primitive looms, but slow when compared with the youngest of all, the power loom. The nearest approach to the latter which the museum could show is a fly shuttle loom which demands of the operator only to bring the lathe back and forth and to mend the broken threads—the harness being changed and the shuttle thrown by a system of levers, set in motion by the movement of the lathe. The products of the loom grew rapidly under the skill of the two Bohemian weavers. Even the casual visitor was able to see that there is no break in the orderly evolution from the spinning of the Navajo woman with her one disc stick, trailing on the ground like a top, to the most complicated machine, and the lecturer on industrial history needed scarcely to state that history looked at from the industrial standpoint at once becomes cosmopolitan, and the differences of race and nationality inevitably fall away. In the narrow confines of one room, the Syrian, Slav, Latin, and the Celt, show the continuity of industrial development which went on peacefully year by year among the workers of each nation, heedless of differences in language, religion and political experiences. A map showed early wool raising sections and the general character of soil and climatic conditions in wool raising countries with their grassy slopes and plains. This easily led to talks in regard to the effect of pastoral life, both in its nomad and more settled forms, upon primitive culture. The early Greek and Hebrew developments were taken as examples, and the effects of textile industries upon social organization were compared with the early raising of flocks in Spain and England. An historical chart hung upon the wall, and the lecturer always surprised his audience, when he pointed to it, illustrating the history of textile manufacture.

It was startling in its revelation of the length of

time the stick spindle was used, compared with the more recent spinning wheel, and the infinitesimal time during which steam has been applied to spinning. Beginning with 2000 B. C., the straight spindle was used to produce all the spun clothing used by mankind for more than three thousand years, and not until 1500 A. D. was the spinning wheel introduced into Europe. The European spinning wheel was used but a little more than two and one-half centuries when steam was first bunglingly applied to textile manufacture, coming in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Many of the Italian women who came to the museum had never seen spinning wheels, and looked upon them as a new and wonderful invention. The chart shows that steam has been applied to textile manufacture but a short space in the long line of 3,900 years. Even then it is confined to certain countries of Europe and America, with spots in Asia and on the coast of Africa. A world map, exhibiting the places in which the straight spindle and the spinning wheel still survives, was a matter of unfailing interest to the visitors of the museum.

Of necessity, it was difficult in one chart to more than indicate the periods of adjustment which accompanied the changes in industrial methods, and although the times of transition were comparatively short, they were big with suffering. An attempt was made to fill out by the interpretation of literature that period when steam was first applied to the manufacturing of textiles. Perhaps the most striking picture is that drawn by Hauptmann in his drama of "The Weavers." An interesting lecture was given upon the "Industrial Revolution in England" and the appalling conditions throughout the weaving districts of the North which resulted from the hasty gathering of the weavers into the new towns, also on the regulation of those conditions as the code of factory legislation was slowly developed. The rise of trades unionism among textile workers was also traced, and their connection with the British labor movement. The lecturers in the museum found it easy, indeed almost inevitable, to pass from the historical situation to a statement of the industrial difficulties in which we of the present day are so often caught, and the need of adaptability and speedy readjustment to changing conditions which is constantly demanded from the contemporary workman. A tailor in the audience once suggested that whereas time had done much to alleviate the first difficulties in the transition of weaving from handwork to steam power, that in the application of steam to sewing we are still in the first stages. The isolated woman who tries to support herself by hand needlework is analogous in her position to the weaver of one hundred years ago, and the persistence of many of the weavers in their own homes until driven out by starvation is paralleled by much the same persistence among the "home workers" who sew in their own house. In spite of Charles Kingsley's "Yeast," no poet or artist has endeared the sweaters' victim to us as George Eliot has made us love the belated weaver, Silas Marner.

Several lectures have been given on the earliest textile process and the various fibers employed in the manufacture of clothing. It is not, of course, the design of the museum to keep to primitive methods, but so rapidly as possible to add the more complicated machinery and to illustrate by actual manufacturing. To many visitors it opened up a new range of human speculation that for centuries the human race spun all its clothing with only a simple stick, and from that had to evolve the rapid and complicated machinery with which we are now familiar. It is a genuine piece of observation, and calls upon the analytic powers of the mind to work back from the complicated to the primitive and to see the two in historic relation. It breaks through the narrow present and one's own immediate interests to see the customs of the various countries reproduced in connection with the material with which one is most familiar and to follow this material from its primitive form as it is subjected to direct processes to a finished product. One obtains something of the freedom of observation and power of comparison which travel is supposed to give.

Every teacher of literature knows the difference between teaching it as an abstract subject and as an interpretation of the experiences which his students have shared, and much the same result was encountered in the various attempts to correlate the classes and the industrial activities of Hull House around the thread of industrial history. The textile museum was connected directly with the basket weaving, sewing, millinery, embroidery and dressmaking constantly being taught at Hull House, and so far as possible with the classes in design and drawing.

For a program of labor songs, rendered by the pupils of the Hull House music school, it was possible to find charming folk songs from the early textile workers, notably a spinning song by Rheinberger, and an old Irish weaving song of much beauty. For the latter period, involving machinery, it was more difficult, although the head of the Hull House music school, Miss Eleanor Smith, set to music a poem written by a sweatshop worker, Morris Rosenfeld, with such realism and force that the pupils of the music school have been invited to sing it before Consumers' Leagues and other associations who have found it not only interpretative of an experience remote from their own, but stirring and powerful in its moral appeal.

It is planned to carry on the museum during the winter of 1901-1902 with six departments: (1) woods, (2) book-binding, (3) textiles, (4) grains, (5) metals, (6) pottery. The department of wood will terminate in the shop for sloyd, carpentry and wood carving of the Hull House Guild. The history of book-making will correlate with Miss Starr's book bindery, in which apprentices are already at work, and to which will be added a small printing outfit. The department of textiles will correlate with the Hull House classes as well as some normal school work to be undertaken in weaving and textile design. The grains will lead up to the cooking classes, and the kitchen in connection with Hull House. A small blast furnace and forge and a potter's wheel and kiln have made possible the beginnings of two other shops. The Chicago

Arts and Crafts Society holds its bi-monthly meetings at Hull House, and its members have always been most generous with their time in assisting the workers in the shops. As four Hull House shops already exist, not merely for the sake of teaching, but primarily for the sake of producing, and as they already include the activities of many people besides the directors, it is planned to enlarge the shops upon these lines, and to present the historic background, through the people of the immediate neighborhood, whose training represents more primitive methods. These primitive methods will in turn be traced to the factories of the vicinity, and so far as possible the enlarged and developed tool will be rediscovered there. Within a short distance of Hull House are large electrical factories and machine shops using quantities of metal—there are woodworking factories, bakeries and tailor shops. It is hoped that the men and women already working in them may care to come to the museum to be entertained, to work with the tools with which they are already familiar, to study charts and diagrams which are simple and graphic, to attend lectures which may illustrate their daily work, and give them some clew to the development of the machine and the materials which they constantly handle. A man often cannot understand the machine with which he works, because there is no soil out of which such an understanding may grow, and the natural connection of the workshop with culture is entirely lost for him. Two sound educational principles we may perhaps claim for the labor museum even in this early state of experiment—first, that it concentrates and dramatizes the inherited resources of a man's occupation, and, secondly, that it conceives of education as "a continuing reconstruction of experience." More than that the best "education" cannot do for any of us. JANE ADDAMS.

The Higher Catechism.*

Let us ask ourselves some questions; for that man is truly wise
Who can make a catechism that will really catechise.
All can make a catechism—none can keep it in repair:
Where's the workman can construct one that he'll guarantee will wear?
We are fronted from our birthday onward to the day we die
With a maximum of question and a minimum reply.
So we make our catechisms; but our work is never done—
For a father's catechism never fits a father's son.

What are we here for? That's the first one; that's the first we want to know.
We are here and all born little, just because we are here to grow.
What is sin? Why, sin's not growing; all that stops the growth within,
Plagues the eternal upward impulse, stunts the spirit—that is sin.

And where is hell? And where is heaven? In some vague distance dim?
Who are sinners? All are sinners; but this is no hopeless plaint,
For there never was a sinner who was not likewise a saint.
What's the devil? A convenient but supposititious elf
Each man builds to throw his sins on when he won't "own up" himself.
And where is hell? And where is heaven? In some vague distance dim?
No, they are here and now in you—in me, in her, in him.
When is the Judgment Day to dawn? Its true date who can say?
Look in your calendars and see what day it is to-day!
To-day is always Judgment Day; and Conscience throned within
Brings up before its judgment-seat each soul to face his sin.
We march to judgment, each along an uncompanioned way—
Stand up, man, and accuse yourself and meet your Judgment Day.
Where shall we get religion? Beneath the open sky,
The sphere of crystal silence surcharged with deity.
The winds blow from a thousand ways and waft their balms abroad,
The winds blow toward a million goals—but all winds blow from God.
The stars the old Chaldæans saw still weave their maze on high
And write a thousand thousand years their Bible on the sky.
The midnight earth sends incense up sweet with the breath of prayer—
Go out beneath the naked night and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the blooming tree,
Beside the hill-encircling brooks that loiter to the sea,
Beside all twilight waters, beneath all noonday shades,
Beneath the dark cathedral pines and through the tangled glades;
Wherever the old urge of life provokes the dumb, dead sod
To tell its thought in violets, the soul takes hold on God.
Go smell the growing clover, and scent the blooming pear,
Go forth to seek religion—and find it anywhere.

What is the church? The church is man when his awed soul goes out
In reverence to the Mystery that swathes him all about.
When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
Then, in that hour, that living man becomes the living church;
Then, though in wilderness or waste, his soul is swept along
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs of song.
And where man fronts the Mystery with spirit bowed in prayer,
There is the universal church—the church of God is there.

Where are the prophets of the soul? where dwells the sacred clan?
Ah, they live in fields and cities, yea, wherever dwells a man.
Whether he prays in cloistered cell or delves the hillside clod,
Wherever beats the heart of man, there dwells a priest of God.
Who are the apostolic line? the men who hear a voice
Well from the soul within the soul that cries aloud, "Rejoice!"
Who listen to themselves and hear this world-old voice divine—
These are the lineage of seers, the apostolic line.

And what is faith? The anchored trust that at the core of things
Health, goodness, animating strength flow from exhaustless springs;
That no star rolls unguided down the rings of endless maze,
That no feet tread an aimless path through wastes of empty days;
That trusts the everlasting voice, the glad, calm voice that saith
That Order grows from Chaos, and that life is born from death;
That from the wreck of rending stars, behind the storm and scathe,
There dwells a heart of central calm—and this, and this is faith.

What is the world's true Bible—'tis the highest thought of man,
The thought distilled from ages since the dawn of thought began.
And each age adds its word thereto, some psalm or promise sweet—
And the canon is unfinished and forever incomplete.
On the chapters that are written long and lovingly we pore—
But the best is yet unwritten, for we grow from more to more.
Let us heed the Voice within us and its messages rehearse;
Let us build the growing Bible—for we, too, must write a verse.

What is the purport of the scheme toward which all time is gone?
What is the great æonian goal? The joy of going on.
And are there any souls so strong, such feet with swiftness shod,

* This poem was read by Mr. Sam Walter Foss at the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association, prefaced by the following remarks:

Perhaps I ought to say, before I read this poem, that the poem has nothing whatever to do with this occasion. But if I had really written a poem expressly for this occasion, that poem would have nothing whatever to do with the occasion, as all occasional poems always do, especially if I write them.

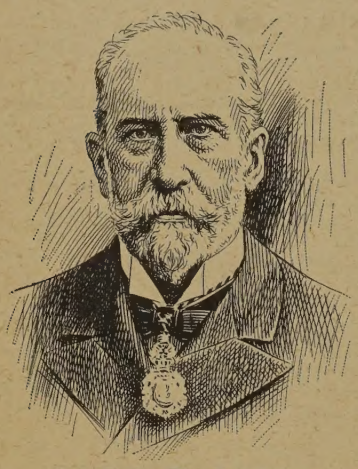
I have entitled this poem, "The Higher Catechism." I notice that people, when they speak of anything that they like, call it "the higher." "The Higher Criticism" is the criticism that we are pleased with; the higher philosophy is our philosophy; the higher life is the kind of life that we ourselves lead. And so I call this "the Higher Catechism,"—well, simply because it is my catechism; I made it myself.

That they shall reach it, reach some bourne, the ultimate of God?
There is no bourne, no ultimate. The very farthest star
But rims a sea of other stars that stretches just as far.
There's no beginning and no end. As in the ages gone,
The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.

Sam Walter Foss.

Readings in Modern Mexican Authors.

V.



JOSE MARIA ROA BARCENA.

José Maria Roa Barcena was born at Jalapa, State of Vera Cruz, on September 3, 1827. His father, José Maria Rodriguez Roa, was long and helpfully engaged in local politics. The son entered upon a business life and literary work was, for him, at first but a relaxation. His youthful writings, both in prose and poetry, attracted much attention. In 1853 he removed to the city of Mexico, at that time a center of great political and literary activity, where he devoted himself to a politico-literary career. As a contributor or editor he was associated with important periodicals,—*El Universal, La Cruz, El Eco Nacional* and *La Sociedad.* He favored the French Intervention and the Imperial establishment. Soon disapproving of Maximilian's policy, he came out strongly against that ruler and refused appointments at his hands. When the Empire fell, he returned to business life, but was arrested and detained for several months in prison.

Señor Roa Barcena has ever been associated with the conservative party, but has always commanded the respect of political foes by his firm convictions and regard for the calls of duty. He is eminently patriotic and in his writings deals with Mexican life and customs, national history, and the lives and works of distinguished Mexicans. His writings are varied. His poetry has been largely the product of his early years and of his old age; his prose has been written in his middle life.

Of his early poems *Ithamar* and *Diana* were general favorites. In 1875 his *Nuevas Poesias* (New Poems) appeared, in 1888 and 1895 two volumes of "last lyric poems"—*Ultimas Poesias Liricas.* In 1860 he published an elementary work upon Universal Geography; in 1863 an *Ensayo de Una Historia Anecdotica de Mexico* (Attempt at an anecdotal history of Mexico). This *Ensayo* was in prose and was divided into three parts, covering ancient Mexican history to the time of the Conquest. In 1862, in *Leyendas Mexicanos* (Mexican Legends) he presented much the same matter in verse. These three charmingly written books, while conscientious literary productions, were intended for youth. Of stronger and more vigorous prose are his political novel, *La Quinta Modelo* (The Model Farm) and his famous biographies of *Manuel Eduardo Gorostiza* and *José Joaquin Pesado.* Of the latter, often considered his masterpiece, one writer asserts, it shows "rich style, vast erudition, admirable method, severe impartiality in judgment, profound knowledge of the epoch and of the man." Famous is the *Recuerdos de la invasion Norte-Americana 1846-1847* (Recollections of the American invasion: 1846-1847), which appeared first in the columns of the periodical *El Siglo* XIX, and was reprinted in book form only in 1883. But it is in his short stories that Roa Barcena appears most characteristically. His *Novelas, originales y traducidas* (Novels, original and translated) appeared in 1870. They are notable for delicacy of expression, minute detail in description and action, some mysticism, and a keen but subtle humor. In his translations from Dickens, Hoffman, Byron, Schiller, our author is wonderfully exact and faithful both to sense and form.

Some of Roa Barcena's characteristics are well illustrated in the little sketch, *Combates en el aire* (Combats in the air). An old man recalls the fancies and experiences of his boyhood. To him, as a child, kites had character and he associated individual kites with persons whom he knew; they had emotions and passions; they spoke and filled him with joy or terror. One great kite, a bully in disposition, was, for him, a surly neighbor, whom all feared. This dreadful kite had ruined many of the cherished kite possessions of his young companions. Once his teacher, the boy himself, and some friends, fabricated a beautiful kite. In its first flight it is attacked by the bully and the battle is described.

"The preliminaries of the sport began with the manufacture of the kite. The kinds most used were *pandorgas,* parallelograms of paper or cloth, according to size and importance, with the skeleton composed of strong and flexible cane, called *otate,* with hummers of gut or parchment or rag, at the slightly curved top or bottom—or they bore the name of *cubos* (squares), made with three small crossed sticks covered with paper and with a broad fringe of paper or cloth at the sides. Both kinds usually displayed the national colors or bore figures of Moors and Christians, birds and quadrupeds. The tails were enormously long and were forms of tufts of cloth, varying in size, tied crosswise of the cord, which ended in a bunch of rags; in the middle of the cord were the 'cutters,' terribly effective in battles between kites; they were two cockspur-knives of steel, finely sharpened, projecting from the sides of a central support of wood, with which the bearer cut the string of his opponent, which, thus abandoned to its fate on the wings of the wind, went whirling and tumbling through the air, to fall at last to the ground, at a considerable distance. Night did not end the sport; they had messengers or paper lanterns, hanging from a great wheel of cardboard, through the central opening in which the kite-string passed, and which, impelled by the wind, went as far as the check-string and whirled there, aloft, with its candles yet lighted."

* * *

"A neighbor of gruff voice, harsh aspect, and the reputation of a surly fellow, was, for me, represented by a great *pandorga,* with powerfully bellowing hummer, which on every windy day sunk—if we may use the term—some eight or ten unfortunate *cubos,* thus being the terror of all the small boys of our neighborhood. It was made of white cloth, turned almost black by the action of sun and rain; its long tail twisted and writhed like a great serpent, and even doubled upon itself midway, at times, on account of the weight of its large and gleaming cutters. Its hoarse and continuous humming could be heard from one end of the town to the other and sounded to me like the language of a bully."

"Just then was heard a bellowing, as of a bull, and, black and threatening, the well known *pandorga* bully appeared in the air, more arrogant than ever, glowering with malicious eyes upon its unexpected rival and preparing to disembowel it, at the least. For a moment the members of our little company shuddered, because, in the anxiety and haste to raise the *cubo,* we had forgotten to attach the cutters. To lower it then, in order to arm it, would have looked like lowering a flag, which was not to Martinez' taste. Trusting, then, to his own dexterity, he prepared for the defence, intending to entangle the cord of our *cubo* in the upper part of the tail of the enemy, which would cause the kite and its tail to form an acute angle riding upon our attaching cord, and would hurl it headlong to the earth. * * * The bully rose to the north, in order to fall almost perpendicularly, on being given more string, upon the cord of the *cubo,* and then, on ascending again with all possible force, to cut it. Once, twice, three times it made the attempt, but was foiled by our giving the *cubo* extra cord, also, at the decisive moment. Raging and bellowing, the enemy drew much nearer, and taking advantage of a favorable gust, risked everything in a desperate effort to cut us. As its sharp set tail, keen as a Damascus blade, grazed our cord, the watchful Martinez gave this a sudden, sharp jerk against the tail itself, causing both it and the kite to double and plunge. In its headlong dash, it cut loose the *cubo,* which, alone, and whirling like a serpent through the air, went to fall a quarter of a league away. But the aggressor too fell, and fell most ignominiously. Thrown and whirled by the treacherous cord of its victim, it could not regain its normal attitude, and like the stick of an exhausted rocket, fell almost vertically to the earth, landing in the center of our court, where it was declared a just prisoner."

In *Noche al raso,* the coach from Orizaba to Puebla breaks down a little before reaching its destination. The passengers beguile the night hours with stories. The story told by "the Captain" is entitled *A dos dedos del Abismo* (At two fingers from the abyss). An exquisite, Marquis del Veneno, is the hero. Of good birth and well connected, with no special wealth or prospects, frequenting good society, he has never yielded to feminine charms. A young lady, Loreto, daughter of an aged professor of chemistry, is beautiful and socially attractive, but a blue-stocking, fond of mouthing Latin, of poetry and of science. The Marquis has no idea of paying attentions to Loreto, in fact he despises her pedantry. But gossip connects their names and a series of curious incidents give color to the report that they are betrothed. The aged chemist clinches the matter, despite desperate efforts on the part of the Marquis to explain, and the engagement is announced. In his dilemma the Marquis seeks advice and aid from his *padrino,* General Guadalupe Victoria, and from his friend, the famous Madame Rodriguez. All, however, seems in vain. Just as he decides to accept the inevitable, an escape presents itself. The passages selected are those which describe the interview between the old chemist and the Marquis and the opening of a way of escape.

"Somewhat disquieted as to the purport of such an appointment, del Veneno, after many turns, back and forth, in his chamber, was inclined to believe that reports of his supposed relations having come to the ears of Don Raimundo, the old man proposed to hear from his own lips the facts. Basing himself on this supposition, the Marquis, whose conscience was entirely clear, decided to be frank and loyal with the old gentleman, explaining fully his own conduct in the matter, and endeavoring to dissipate any natural vexation which the popular gossip had caused him;—gossip, for which, the Marquis believed he had given no cause. Having decided upon this procedure, he succeeded in falling asleep and the following day, with the most tranquil air in the world, he directed himself, at the hour set, to the place of appointment, feeling himself, like the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

"* * * He installed himself at one of the least conspicuous tables of the café and soon saw Don Raimundo, who saluted him, and seating himself at his side, spoke to him in these terms:

" 'Dissimulation is useless, my friend, in matters so grave and transcendent as that which you and my daughter have in hand; I do not mean that I disapprove the prudence and reserve with which you have both acted. It is true that you, as Loreto, have carried dissimulation and secrecy to such an extreme, that——'

" 'Permit me to interrupt you, Don Raimundo, to say that I do not understand to what matter you refer——'

" 'My friend, you young people believe that, in placing your fingers over your eyes you blot out the sun for the rest of us. But, we odd folks, we see it all! We decompose and analyze; further—what will not a father's insight and penetration discover? From the beginning of your love for Loreto——'

" 'But, sir, if there has not been——'

" 'Nothing indecorous, no scandal will come from the relations between you—that I know right well; it could not be otherwise in a matter involving a finished gentleman, to whom propriety and nobility of character have descended from both lines, and a young lady who, though it ill becomes me to say it, has been perfectly educated, has read much, and knows how to conduct herself in society. I tell you, friend Leodegario, that for months past no one has needed to whisper in my ear, "These young people love each other," because the thing was evident and had not escaped me. Accustomed, from my youth, to decomposition and analysis, I have questioned my wife, "Do they love each other?" and she has answered, "I believe they do." I then inquired, "Have you spoken with Loreto about it?" and she replied, "Not a word." Days pass and your mutual passion——'

" 'It is my duty, Don Raimundo, to inform you——'

" 'It is your duty to hear me without interrupting me. Days pass and your mutual passion, arrived at its height, enters the crucible of test. You withdraw from Loreto and she pretends not to notice it. Thoughtless people say, "They have broken with each other"; but I say, "Like sheep they separate for a little, to meet again with the greater joy." Others say, "The Marquis is fickle and changeable"; but I say, "He gives evidence of greater chivalry and nobility than I believed him to possess." Friend Leodegario, what do not the eyes of a father discover? What, in the moral as in the physical world, can resist decomposition and analysis? With a little isolation and examination of the elements composing such an affair, the truth is precipitated and shows itself at the bottom of the flask! I know it all; I see it, just as if it were a chemical reaction! You—delicate and honorable to quixotism, knowing that the grocer Ledesma is attentive to Loreto, and considering yourself relatively poor, have said to yourself, "I will not stand in the way of the worldly betterment of this young lady," and have abruptly left the field. Loreto, in her turn, offended that you should believe her capable of sacrificing you upon the altar of her self-interest, has determined to arouse your jealousy by pretending to accept the attentions which Ledesma offers in the form of raisins, almonds, codfish and cases of wine. I repeat that this is all very plain; but it is a sort of trifling that can not be prolonged without peril, and which I have ended so far as my daughter is concerned. Your future and hers

might both suffer from the rash actions of irritated love; no, my dear sir: let Ledesma keep his wealth, or lavish it upon some Galician countrywoman; and let respectable financial mediocrity, accompanied by the noble character and the delicacy and chivalry which distinguish you, triumphantly bear away the prize. A bas Galicia! viva Mexico!'

"'The complete mistake under which you labor——'

"'My friend, one who, like myself, decomposes and analyzes everything, rarely or never makes mistakes! Last night, I brought my wife and daughter together and, to assure myself of the state of mind of the latter, made use of this stratagem: "Loreto," I said, "Don Leodegario has asked me for your hand; what shall I answer him?" Immediately both mother and daughter flushed as red as poppies and embraced each other. Loreto then replied, "I am disposed to whatever you may determine." "But do you love him?" I asked. "Yes, I love him," she answered with downcast eyes. With this, my friend, the mask fell and these things only remained to be done, what I have done this morning and what I am doing now, to wit: to intimate to Señor Ledesma that he desist from his aspirations regarding a young lady who is to marry another within a few days, and to tell you that Loreto's parents, duly appreciative of the noble conduct of the aspirant for their daughter's hand, yield her to him, sparing all explanations and steps unpleasant to one's self-respect, and desiring for you both, in your marriage relation, a life longer than Methuselah's and an offspring more numerous than Jacob's.'

"'But, sir, Don Raimundo——'

"'Neither buts nor barrels avail.* You were marvelously self-controlled, in believing yourself unworthy of Loreto, and in refusing the happiness for which your heart longed; but I am also master** of my daughter's lot and I desire to unite her to you and render you happy perforce. Come, friend Leodogario, there is no escape! Dr. Román has promised to marry you in the church; I have ordered my wife to announce the approaching marriage to her lady friends and I am making the announcement to the gentlemen. Everyone cordially congratulates me upon my selection of a son-in-law.'

* * *

"With this object, he took up his hat and gloves. Just then he heard a noise and voices in altercation in the corridor; the door opened violently and Don Raimundo entered the room in his shirt sleeves and a cap, his face pallid, and a breakfast roll in his hand. He entered, and saying nothing to the Marquis beyond the words, 'They pursue me,' ran to hide himself under the bed, frightened and trembling.

"Seeing this, the young man seized a sword from the corner of the room and set forth to meet the pursuers of Don Raimundo.

"He found, in the next room, Fabian, Don Raimundo's servant, almost as old as his master himself. With him were two porters, bearing no arms more serious than their carry-straps. The Marquis having asked Fabian what this meant, the faithful old servant took him to one side and said, 'The master has left home, against the doctors' orders, and we have come to fetch him, as my lady and her daughter do not wish him wandering alone on the streets.'

"Without yet understanding the enigma, del Veneno further questioned Fabian and learned that Don Raimundo, after some days of symptoms of mental disturbance, had become absolutely deranged and, for a week back, had been locked up in the house.

"Immediately the Marquis understood the conduct of his father-in-law-to-be toward himself and a gleam of hope appeared. But, moved by sympathy and without thinking of his own affairs, he tried to persuade the old man to leave with Fabian, which, with great difficulty, he at last did.

"He then hastened to the house of Madame Rodriguez, where he was received almost gaily. 'I was about to send for you,' said that lady, 'because I have most important matters to communicate to you. Perhaps you know that the unfortunate Don Raimundo is hopelessly insane. Ah, well! Loreto and her mamma, after cudgelling their brains vainly to explain why you never whispered a word about the wedding, of which Don Raimundo only spoke, as soon as they knew the old man was deranged, understood everything else, and I have confirmed them in their conclusions. It is needless to dwell upon the mortification the matter has caused them: you can imagine it; but, fulfilling the commission which they have intrusted to me, I tell you that they consider you free from all compromise and that they are greatly pleased at the prudence and chivalry you have displayed in so unpleasant and disagreeable a matter.'

"'But I am not capable,' impetuously exclaimed the Marquis, 'of leaving such a family in a ridiculous position. No, my dear lady, pray tell Loreto that, decidedly and against all wind and sea, I *will* marry her, and that in the quickest possible time.'

"'Marquis! tempt not God's patience! Now that a door is opened, escape by it without looking back and consider yourself lucky. Moreover, although Loreto babbles in Latin and writes distiches, she is not so stupid as you think, and knows well how to take care of herself. She has understood conditions perfectly and knows her advantage; a single glance has sufficed to draw to her feet the grocer, more attentive and enamored than ever.'

"'How, madam? Is it possible that Loreto would——'

"'Loreto marries Ledesma within a week.'

"Who can know the chaos of the human heart? The Marquis, who a moment before had been supremely happy at the mere idea of his release, now felt vexed and humiliated in knowing that Loreto so promptly replaced him. His pupils grew yellow, his nervous attack returned and this, without doubt, was all that prevented his hovering about Loreto's house as a truly enamored swain and challenging Ledesma to the death."

FREDERICK STARR.

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*There is here a play on words not easy to render well. *Pero*-but: *pera*-pear; *aquacate* is a sort of fruit. The text runs:

"Pero-señor Don Raimundo"
"No hay peros, ni aguacates quevalgan."

The exact translation is:

"But—señor Don Raimundo—"
There are no pears, nor aquacates, which avail.

**Here again is a *double-entendre*. The same word *duens*, owner, is here translasted as self-controlled, and master. The young man is master (of himself), the old man is master of his daughter's lot.

Part in Kindness.

Part in kindness, friends, nor take
With you memories that may make
All your lives a long heartache.

Part in gentleness and peace
Let all wrath and clamor cease,
Lest the bitterness increase.

Part, O friends, at morn or night
As if death were just in sight;
As if love were life's own light.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXII.

The Trials of Moses with the Israelites in the Wilderness.

And now the wanderings of the poor Children of Israel were to begin. All the while they were thinking that at any moment they might be led into the Promised Land. But instead of getting there it turned out that they had to stay in what was known as "the Wilderness" for about forty years; so that by the end of that time those who had been little children when they had crossed the Red Sea, were already in middle life with their own families and their own children; and many men in middle life who had crossed the Red Sea, had grown old and died there in the Wilderness and were not allowed to enter the Promised Land.

You may wonder why all this should be, that while they were grown men and women, they could act like children. It was because they could not be trusted yet, and it would not have been safe or well if they had been allowed to enter the Promised Land. A person can never be trusted or allowed to take care of himself, until he can get over the habit of finding fault or complaining about everything unpleasant that may happen. As long as people go on in this way they really do not know how to take care of themselves and are children, even if they are otherwise advanced in years. I do not know why it is that some people always will be finding fault instead of going bravely ahead and making the best of things, doing right, and taking whatever happens in a brave and manly or womanly spirit.

You know when something unpleasant happens to a young child he often just sits down and cries. That is the child's way. It was just the way the children of Israel acted, although they were grown people, while they were in the Wilderness. Although they were to receive the Promised Land by and by, yet they would be obliged to go there and conquer it from the wicked people who lived there. And if they had gone to the Land of Canaan without being able to endure trials, and always wanting to sit down and cry when anything unpleasant happened, then the wicked people of Canaan would have driven them out again, and the Children of Israel would never have found a home there. Already, a few days after they had crossed the Red Sea, when surely they had every reason to feel trust in Moses as their leader, they began to find fault.

It was a dreary land they had come into, which we call the Wilderness, and the first trouble they had was to find good drinking water. They wandered around from one place to another, day after day, until they came to a spring called Marah. Then for a moment they were pleased, until they had tasted the waters of the spring and found them bitter.

This made the people angry. Instead of being glad that they had been delivered from slavery, they began to murmur against Moses and to complain, saying to him: "What shall we drink?" You see they never seemed to think about doing anything for themselves, but always waited until Moses should come and help them.

But I am glad to say that Moses knew what to do. He discovered a certain kind of tree, the branches of which were thrown into the waters and made them all right and sweet to the taste; and so at last the people were satisfied and rested after their long journey. Then Moses called them together, assembling the vast throng of six hundred thousand before him, and he said to them: "If you will only hearken diligently and do what is right and keep the commandments which have been given to you by the Lord, then all will come right in the end." And as they had plenty of water to drink just then and were resting from their long journey, they felt quite pleased and promised faithfully to do what was right and to obey.

But I am afraid that poor Moses did not feel quite sure of their promises. Some people when they have what they want will promise most anything; but just as soon as they are hungry or disappointed again they will break their promises and begin to complain.

And by and by they set out again on their long journey. And as they went on further, there was little or nothing for them to eat; and they became hungry. Instead of looking around everywhere and trying to think for themselves, they began to find fault again and to talk against Moses and Aaron, saying: "Would that we had died in the land of Egypt when we sat by the flesh pots and did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into the Wilderness to kill us all with hunger."

As you go on in life you will often hear about "sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt," and you will see from this what it means; how the Israelites, for instance, although they knew that by and by they were to reach the Promised Land, where everything would be happier and better for them, yet just on account of the trials in their way at the present moment, kept wishing that they had not started out, but rather that they had stayed back and made the best of all their troubles. The food they had received in Egypt was bad in the extreme, prepared in the "flesh pots," as it is said. But just at this moment it struck them that it was better to have that wretched food than nothing at all.

We keep wondering why they did not look about them, or try to get food for themselves, instead of always laying the blame on Moses and sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt. Yet perhaps we ought not to blame the people too much. They had had a very hard time of it in Egypt. They had been treated like children, not allowed to have their own way, but just made to work all the while like slaves. So it was necessary that they should grow up to learn their mistake, just as children have to grow up and find out a great deal from their own experience.

A sensible grown person does not complain or cry like a child. Hence we take it for granted that the Israelites after a while would learn to stop their complaining and act like sensible men and women. But no; Moses had to find food for them, and, as good fortune would have it, there was food enough of a certain kind found in the Wilderness.

It seems that something was found on the leaves of plants in the morning, looking a good deal like dew; but when it became a little harder it was good to eat. And this small, flaky thing was called Manna. There was plenty of it in the Wilderness; and so as a rule the people had enough to eat if they would only be content with it. It had to be gathered in the early morning; and as it would only keep a little while, they had to be careful to provide themselves with enough to last them through each day.

The taste of this Manna was something like wafers made with honey, and I fancy it must have been very sweet. Sometimes this Manna has been called "bread from heaven," because of the peculiar way in which it appeared in the morning, as if it had fallen from the skies.

By this time we should think that the Israelites would surely have stopped their murmuring, inasmuch

as Moses and Aaron had found food enough for them in plenty in this Manna; but as they went on traveling, sometimes there would be no water, and they would again cry out at once, blaming Moses and Aaron for not taking care of them.

The more I think of it, the more I feel that Moses must have been a brave, strong man, in order to keep up his courage in the face of all these complaints. When he had been first told by the Ruler of the World that he should be the leader of the Israelites, he had been timid, not feeling at all sure that he would be strong enough to do this work. But sometimes those people who are not perfectly sure of themselves go on becoming stronger and stronger. They do not stand still, but go ahead and do the best they know how. And Moses had made up his mind now that he, too, was to go ahead and do the best he knew how, and try to see if he could not rescue his people from the Egyptians.

Just now, however, he was having a pretty hard time of it. He had managed to get them safely across the Red Sea; but troubles seemed to grow thick and fast upon them. He became tired of that incessant cry about the "flesh pots of Egypt," wondering why it was that the people did not act less like children and try to provide for themselves.

But as something had to be done now that all the people were thirsty again, he went ahead faithfully as their leader, and at last found a spring right at the edge of a large rock. Then he called the people to approach; and they began to draw near. He stood before the rock and drew the grasses away, and showed them the clear, cold water. And once more the people were ashamed of their complaining.

You see Moses had to be a kind of king over them, and also had to be a leader and keep up their spirits, and had to think about their health and show them how to take care of themselves. Then, too, he had to watch how they were behaving and to see that they did not fall into bad habits. He knew that he was leading them forward little by little across that Wilderness to the Promised Land.

But they had worse troubles, sometimes, even than hunger and thirst. There were enemies living in that Wilderness—wicked people who hated the Israelites, and did not wish them to pass through that country. One tribe of these people, for instance, were called the Amalekites, and they were very angry against the Israelites for coming into that country; and their king came boldly forward and began to harass the travelers, not letting them go any further.

If the Children of Israel had been inclined to complain before, they were much more inclined that way now. But there they were. They could not turn back, and they knew they would have to do something. All depended on having them keep up their courage. You may like to know what Moses did. He knew that the Israelites would be successful if they only went on fighting long enough. But as I have said, they were like children, and just as soon as they became discouraged they would stop fighting. And Moses climbed a hill not far away and stood on the top and held up his hand so that whenever they saw it they should feel encouraged and go on fighting. But this was no easy thing to do, to stand there hour after hour holding up his hand. Now and then it would drop through weariness. Then at once the Israelites would lose heart and fall back and the Amalekites would fall on them, and it would look for a time as if the Israelites would all be put to death. Once more Moses would raise that right hand, and stand there with it raised, and their courage would return and they would go on fighting again.

When Moses could stand no longer, they brought a stone from near by and put it under him; yet he held up his hand so the people might see it and continue fighting. At last he could hold out no longer. His strength was failing, and his hand dropped. When the Israelites saw this they fell back again, and Amalek prevailed. Just at this time a man named Hur, together with Aaron, went up the hill, and they stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, and kept them there until the sun had set. And the people of Israel won their victory through their trust in Moses. They had watched his hand held up there on the hilltop all day long, and they felt sure that while he stayed there and held it up they were safe.

It seems that down in the valley where the battle waged, a brave captain had been selected by the name of Joshua; and so we are told, "Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people."

This was a good lesson for the Israelites. For the first time they had begun to have some courage and to be able to trust in themselves a little more, instead of always falling back on Moses. Then, too, they had learned how to fight in war; and this was very important; because as they went on in their history they had a great deal of fighting before they were able to win for themselves the Promised Land.

You may like to know just how Moses and Aaron governed the people of Israel at that time. When the people left Egypt, they had just gone out as a crowd of men and women together, each family by itself, under the two leaders, Moses and Aaron. Now, we can feel sure that there would be any amount of quarreling and strife going on among all those families, and Moses would have to try in all sorts of ways to keep them at peace with one another.

For this reason, from time to time, Moses set apart a day to act as a judge, and the people who had grievances would come to him and he would judge between them. But you must remember that there were six hundred thousand people, and this was a great many.

I am happy to say, however, that just about this time Moses met his father-in-law, Jethro. You will remember him as being the father of the woman whom Moses had married in the land of Midian. Jethro was a practical man; and when he saw how Moses sat to judge the people, and how the people stood about Moses from morning until evening, Jethro said: "What is this thing that thou doest? Why sitteth thou thyself alone and all the people stand about thee from morning until evening?" Of course Moses thought all this ought to be plain enough. But he had great respect for his wife's father, a much older man than himself, and he answered: "Because when the people have a matter they come unto me and I judge between them."

Then Jethro said: "The thing thou doest is not good. Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people who are with thee; for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. Hearken now unto my voice and I will give thee counsel. Thou shalt teach the people ordinances and laws, and show them the way wherein they must walk, and the work they must do. Moreover, thou shalt provide out of the people able men, men of truth, hating injustice, and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens, and they shall act and judge for the people at all times; and it shall be whenever a very important matter comes, that they shall bring it unto thee; but the small matters shall be passed upon by these other judges; so it shall be easier for thyself, and these others shall bear the burdens with thee. If thou shalt do this thing, then thou shalt be able to hold out, and all this people shall go to their place in peace."

This was a very practical idea on the part of Jethro, and I am quite sure Moses was pleased the moment it was mentioned. He had never been a ruler himself, having been left for the most part alone with his family for a great many years. Hence he had to find out little by little how to become a leader. At once he chose out able men from among the people of Israel, and made them heads or judges over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens.

In this way, for the first time, the Children of Israel began to have a government of their own. People cannot live together for a great while and prosper unless they have some sort of government; and this was a very wise piece of advice which was given by Jethro. Moses must have been pleased, and I am sure everything went much better after that with the Children of Israel.

To the Teacher: This is a long chapter, and had better be divided into two parts. Several of the incidents are classic and need to be fixed firmly in the minds of the children. Write on the blackboard the words or phrases, "Manna," "Waters of Marah," "Flesh pots of Egypt," "Holding up the hands of Moses." Have the children explain what these mean, repeating them as they read over the story. Make a good deal of the phrase, "Flesh pots of Egypt," and show how it has become typical of fault-finding and dissatisfaction. Dwell further on the trials of Moses and what he had to endure. Point out how much patience grown people have to show to children and how hard this must be sometimes. Keep harping on the "childishness" of the fault-finding habit. Do not overlook the last incident in the establishment of a government at the suggestion of Jethro, and the importance of government. Children may grasp this point in a general way.

Memory Verse.—*Would that we had died in the land of Egypt when we sat by the flesh pots and did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth in the Wilderness to kill us all with hunger.*

A Correction and an Explanation.*

Let me beg you to explain in next Unity that the "Harbach's Books" were Volumes V., VI. and VII. of his History of Dogma, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. I called attention in proof to the absence of footnote giving title, etc., but it was without effect. Yours truly,

John W. Chadwick.

* Footnote lost by the printer, who did not notify the office. —[Asst. Ed.]

The Footpath to Peace.

"To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work, and to look at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never.

Mon.—For there was freedom in that awakening time
Of tender souls; to differ was not crime;
The varying bells made up the perfect chime.

Tues.—We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can.

Wed.—Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon.

Thurs.—The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

Fri.—Faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong.

Sat.—The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought:
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought. —*Whittier.*

Watch the Corners.

I.

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time,
It's always dreary weather in countryside or town
When you wake up and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

II.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time,
There's joy a plenty in this world to fill life's cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Sport.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, of the First Congregational church, has commenced a series of sermons on the life of President Roosevelt. Following an outline of the President's career up to his election to the presidency, Mr. Boynton said:

"He rose to that proud eminence because he knows how to work; because he knows truth and because he is not afraid of flinging himself with all the power and persistency of his nature on the side of what he believes to be right.

"For Roosevelt, work is the real business of life. He demands of his sport that it shall contribute to his character and that it shall contribute to his strength. The principal of sport in him is made incidental to the real principle of life.

"We are in the world primarily not to play, but to work, but let us not underestimate the value of sport if only it is clean sport, pure sport and manly sport, which gives to us fuller appreciation of God's goodness."—*Christian Herald.*

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and months of confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked: "Doctor, how long will I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only a day at a time," was the cheery answer and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "only one day at a time," come back with it quieting influence.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The serious effort of City Attorney Folk to bring to book some of the most notorious of our boodlers is a very hopeful sign of the times. We are evolving into the new citizenship which makes civic righteousness supreme over partisanship.

The Self-Culture Clubs, under the auspices of the Ethical Society, are doing splendid work. Mr. Sheldon and his able co-worker, Mr. Leighty, are guiding their work wisely and well.

The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company has recently opened a gymnasium and reading room in the factory at Eighth and St. Charles streets.

The Progressive Union, a liberal organization, has a class study on psychology and a lecture every Sunday afternoon, 2:30 to 4. The work is ethico-spiritual and affirmative and undenominational.

Two noble Hull House workers, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Swope, are doing splendid constructive work at 1022 North High street, one of the most crowded communities. They combine industrial training and intellectual culture.

The People's Fund and Welfare Association has opened a free shelter for men at Eleventh and Locust streets. About 500 men attend daily. Sundays lectures and musicales are given. This association has in hand the J. Eads How fund.

The Social Settlement League is developing in the direction of manual training. Wood and metal work shops are being opened.

Mrs. Millie Marx is doing splendid work in physical training, and Miss Clara Marx is giving her splendid musical talents to the training of our young people. J. M. C.

Foreign Notes.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—Our foreign guests and friends occasionally do what in them lies to show us "oursels as ithers see us," and in view of the provocation they at times receive one can scarcely wonder that their reports of us are not always and altogether gratifying to our national vanity.

Among those in attendance at the great Young Men's Christian Association jubilee in Boston last summer was a considerable French and Swiss contingent, whose members supplemented their conference experiences by a somewhat extended tour through the United States, including visits to the Young Men's Christian Associations of Albany, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Denver and other places. How many reports of this journey found their way into the public prints of their respective countries we have no means of knowing, but one instalment of such a report has come to my hand. It is not the chapter in which our praises are sung, though it closes with the promise of a sequel which shall dwell on the other side of the picture.

A perusal of some of these rather caustic remarks might be salutary in any case, and in view of the fact that there is to be a great international gathering of representatives of the Young Women's Christian Associations this coming summer, it seems particularly desirable to call attention to some of these criticisms by way of warning to those young women who will hold the credit of American young people more or less in their hands on that occasion.

Before entering on the citations it is but fair to state that their author feels that, in view of the reception accorded the French party, the pointing out of weak points may seem a little ungracious or ungrateful, but he deems us after all too sensible not to recognize the truth of the old saying that one should love criticism better than praise.

One obstacle in the way of a thorough study of the Association he finds very justly in the speed with which the party traveled. "But not our speed alone was to blame, but that of the Associations. With us everything develops with a wise deliberateness; over there all is mushroom growth. One house overthrows another. In less than two years everything is out of date. On this trip we found not less than three Association buildings whose death warrants—in other words, contracts of sale and demolition—were already signed. In New York the first building constructed, that on Twenty-third street, which has served as the model for 300 Association buildings in America and elsewhere, has recently been sold for $700,000. In a year and a half you will see a skyscraper of twenty-five or thirty stories in its place, and the Association will have moved four blocks away to construct a brand new building.

"In Buffalo we were told that not one of the thirty-six rooms in the present building is now used for its original purpose. The gymnasium has become a swimming pool, the lecture room a gymnasium, and so on. Not content with these metamorphoses, worthy of the ancient Ovid, the Buffalonians have raised something like a million for the purchase of a site and the construction of an imposing 'hotel.' At Denver I asked a friend to pilot me to what had been given me as the address of the Association. On arrival we were off the scent; the Association had moved to an address unknown to us, although it had owned a building of which I remembered admiring a fine photograph not long before.

"It is certainly not in this country that there reigns any worship of the past. Some finer and more sensitive souls seem to regret this a little, but that is not the general tendency. If you wish to visit a building, make haste, for at that very instant someone may be planning to tear it down. Similarly if you wish to interview any prominent man, seize him at the first opportunity, for to-morrow he will surely be a thousand miles away!

"A second difficulty to overcome, and one which offends and troubles you in the American Y. M. C. A. member, is his Chauvinism, hybrid of an incurable optimism. It is impossible after a conversation with even the humblest of these active Christians not to see hovering upon his lips the triumphant question, 'Have we not the finest Association in the world?' And it is idle to raise objections or to attempt to make any reservations; he will not listen to you, or will walk away whistling 'Yankee Doodle.'

"We had a second opportunity, besides that in Boston, to hear the too notorious Captain Hobson, rendered famous by the affair of the Merrimac. * * * 'No people,' he solemnly assured us, 'is better fitted than ours to develop other races.' In this case he was discussing the question of the Chinese, but—well, I wonder what the Cubans and the Filipinos think!

* * *

"Finally, as my last criticism, the American Associations are so large that one is lost in them. The very multiplicity of their departments prevents in most cases any of that pleasant sense of being '*en famille*.' The director of physical culture and his assistants, the librarian, the treasurer, the director of the classes, the secretary of the junior section or of the religious meetings—all these are 'professional' Y. M. C. A. workers, acting under the direction of a general secretary. That each is responsible solely for his own domain goes without saying, and the members interested in one particular line rarely make the acquaintance of those in another. The directors of the American movement have foreseen this difficulty. In their excellent manual they advise having three organizations of 1,000 members each rather than one Association of 3,000 members. But—even in an Association of 1,000 members one can feel very much alone.

"I wanted to try an experiment. At Washington, having gone incognito to the Y. M. C. A.'s fine building near the White House, I spent the entire evening writing letters in one room, reading the papers in another, watching a game of basketball in the gymnasium, applying for publications to the secretary—all this without a living soul addressing me. That was just what I wanted, you may say. Very well; but another might have found it most discouraging.

"In every domain America is a good school for individualism, though perhaps not just this kind of individualism. As they are wont over there to push principles to extremes, you see that in the international field Christian solidarity plays no great role at present. The Monroe doctrine applies even to religious questions.

"On the steamer which brought me back to Europe a charming miss from Kentucky said to me point blank: 'You Europeans seem much less ready than the Japanese to accept American ideas and customs.' Poor Continentals that we are! Already we are of less importance than the little Asiatics in the eyes of Uncle Sam! Let none of our European organizations, particularly our Christian Associations, habor any illusions

on this point! The large cheques and the bags of dollars for the construction of our building will not come from the United States. The American international committee has just appointed ten general secretaries for the Associations in Korea, China, Burmah and the Indies, but not one for Europe. Perhaps it is just as well so. The old saying, 'Whoever pays commands,' is fatal in religious undertakings. Nevertheless it is rather a sad impression to bring back from across the sea—that of having seen our young cousins, already look upon us as good-for-nothings."

This is a pretty severe indictment. Let us hope that our young women may do something next summer to relieve so pain ful an impression. If it could be seen occasionally that there is such a thing as American modesty it would be better for all concerned. M. E. H.

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Saint Davids' Day.

How many persons who recall the Mother Goose rhyme

Taffy was a Welshman!
Taffy was a thief!

know that Taffy is Welsh for David, and the lines are a libel. Taffy, or David, was not a thief, but a saint and a hero, who in the days of King Arthur fought the heathen, and in a memorable battle won a great victory for the stainless king.

The 1st day of March is St. David's day, and on the last day of February St. David receives high honor in London. On that evening St. Paul's cathedral is given over to the honorable society of Cymmrodorion, who there hold a service in honor of their patron saint. It is the regular cathedral service, with a sermon, but given entirely in the Welsh language. The singing is always of a very high order. If Ben Davis is in London you will hear him in St. Paul's on the eve of St. David's.

For hours before the service begins the cathedral is crowded with people. Later, it is often impossible to find even standing room in the great building, which easily holds 12,000 or 15,000 people. The London papers which announce the service invariably conclude by saying: "The cathedral clergy have forbidden the huwyll." To the person who sees the strange word for the first time, and then goes to the cathedral and hears the huwyll, as hear it he will, forbidden though it be, the annual Welsh festival on St. David's eve will be something to remember all his life. The huwyll is a peculiar quality of voice or tone, said to be possessed only by certain gifted ones, to whom it has been transmitted by some Druidical ancestor, who moved his savage followers by that same magic tone, and incited them to battle or moved them to religious frenzy. It is a marvelous thing, the huwyll, and every hearer, with a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, is moved to the depths of his being. To the Scotchman it is as the voice of the bagpipes; the Irishman hears the banshee, but to the soul of the Welshman it whispers more than ever banshee shrieked or bagpipe skirled. In the cathedral it is forbidden because it excites the people, but if Rev. Killin Roberts, the greatest Welsh clergyman in London, reads ever so small a part of the service, the huwyll will not be absent, for keep it out of his voice he can not. St. David will be remembered, not alone in London to-day, but in every little village in the principality of Wales; the leek, his emblem, will be worn in his memory.—*St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat.*

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